



Primrose surrounded by her
little scholars.

241

The
REOWNED HISTORY
of Primrose of Prettyface,
who
By her Sweetness of Temper, & Love of
Learning, was raised from being the
Daughter of a poor Cottager, to great
Riches, and the Dignity
(*of*)
Lady of the Manor.)
set forth
For the Benefit & Imitation of those
pretty little Boys & Girls,
Who by learning their Books, & obliging Mankind,
Would to Beauty of Body, add Beauty of Mind.



L O N D O N.

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REOWNED HISTORY

O F

Primrose Prettyface.

C H A P T E R I.

Which begins at the Beginning.

Y E S, Sir, I shall begin at the beginning, whatever the world, or carping critics may be pleased to say to the contrary; and let me tell them, had many of our great men and tradesmen done the same, they would have found the good effects of it.

Sir *Walter Wifeacre*, an old friend of mine, used to say, "Every thing has two handles,

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and it is a matter of the greatest importance to take hold of the right." Too many err in this particular; and though they charge Providence with their miscarriage, yet there are very few but may place their own folly at the foot of the account, and ascribe their ruin to some mismanagement in the entrance of their affairs. So, Sir, in pursuance of this maxim, and agreeable to one of the ancients, no matter who, "*I shall begin at the beginning, that I may the sooner make an end.*" It cannot, therefore, be thought amiss to give some account of *Primrose Prettyface*'s parents, and other great and important matters, necessary to be known, and worth attending to, for the better understanding of this renowned history.

It is agreed on all hands, that *Prettyface* was not her real name, by no means; for though she was really handsome, and that name was given her chiefly on that account, yet she retained it through her sweetness of temper and pretty behaviour. It has been well observed by a great writer, "*That ill-nature and affectation are greater enemies to a fine face than the small-pox.*" Now we all know (at least we should know) that the best thing to illustrate beauty is virtue; and when it happens that any one is both internally

and externally



and externally beautiful, it makes virtue
shine, and vice blush.

*Beauty may fade and empires fall;
But virtue triumphs over all.*

Her father's name was Thompson, an humble honest man, who kept a cow, a pig, and a few fowls, which, with the money he got by working in the fields, enabled him to live tolerably comfortable. As soon as the cock by his crowing proclaimed the day, up he



ernally got, and hanging his bag and bottle over and his shoulder, trudged away to the fields,

whistling and singing and as merry as a grig. The want of affluence was the least of his thoughts. He used to say, "There was no real use of great riches, except in the distribution, the rest was but conceit. And that a man should seek such riches as he might get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly." Ambition had no charms for him, yet he always paid the respect due to his superiors, or those employed in high places by his sovereign. His prayer for such was, "That God would be pleased to make all great men, good men, and truly good."

Her mother united to all his good qualities those of a virtuous, discreet woman. "The virtuous wife is a crown to her husband," says the wise King *Solomon*. She was not one of those who run babbling from house to house, and telling gossips tales of an hour long. She too well knew the truth of that old proverb, which says,

*They who would live at peace and rest,
Must hear, and see, and say the least.*

From a mutual desire of pleasing, their love was increased every day; and sensible of their mutual failings, they strove to hel-

each

each other by all the admonitions which duty could prompt them to, or tenderness suggest. How much the following circumstance contributed to a right understanding between them I leave my readers to judge.

The first morning after their marriage, as soon as they got up, *Goodman Thompson* went into the little garden behind their cottage, and putting a rope through the hedge, let one end lay in the garden, and the other in the yard next the house. This being done, he called his wife; *Patty*, said he, go into the garden, you will find a rope there, try if you can pull it out of the hedge. She instantly, with great pleasure and good-nature, obeyed.

Whilst his wife was going round into the garden, he took hold of that end next him, but which she had not seen, and as soon as she began to pull, he pulled against her: so that he being the strongest of the two, she could not get it a foot farther.

After tugging at it some time, she called out, I cannot get it to stir! Pull harder, said he, harder yet. Indeed, my dear, cried *Gammer Thompson*, I have pulled with all the strength I had, but it will not come out. Won't it, said he, well, I will come round to you, and let us try what we can do to-



gether. Accordingly both taking hold they began to pull, and the rope came through very easy. Bless me! my dear, what was the reason I could not pull it through by myself? said *Gammer Thompson*. I will tell you, replied he: When you pulled by yourself on this side, I pulled against you on the other, and you could not get it through; but, when we both pulled together, it came through with all the ease imaginable. From hence, my dear, I would have you know, that now we are man and wife, if one pulls one way and the other another, we shall never

never make good work of it; but, if we draw together, every thing will go on smoothly, and we may live as happy, and pass our time as merry as the days are long. He then gave her a kiss, and they went to breakfast.

To show you how much they were respected by all their neighbours, rich as well as poor, I have inserted the following well-known verses, made on them, under feigned names, by a gentleman of fortune in the village where they resided. My rea-



ders.

ders will perceive, from several incidents, Those t
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that they were written when they became old.

*Old Darby with Joan by his side,
We've oft times regarded with wonder;
He is dropfical, she is dim ey'd,
Yet they're ever uneasy asunder:
Together they totter about,
Or sit in the sun at the door;
And at night when old Darby's pipe's out,
His Joan will not smoke one whiff more.*

*No beauty nor wit they possess,
Their several failings to smother;
Then what are the charms, can you guess,
Which make them so fond of each other?
Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
The endearments that youth did bestow;
The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
The best of all blessings below.*

Those traces for ever will last,
No sickness nor time can remove;
For when youth and beauty are past,
And age brings the winter of love,
A friendship insensibly grows
By reviews of such raptures as these;
The current of fondness still flows,
Which decrepid old age cannot freeze.

C H A P. II.

How and about PRIMROSE PRETTYFACE; of her meeting with lady Worthy; what happened thereupon; of lady Worthy's great promises, which if the reader should be impatient to know whether they were fulfilled, he must skip to the next chapter.

GAFFER THOMPSON never had more than two children, the first was a boy, and of so sweet a disposition, that the loss of him had nearly cost Gammer Thompson her life. He died in the small-pox, after a painful illness. I cannot give my readers a better character of him, than what is contained in the following epitaph, made by a young gentleman, who was very fond of him. For all the village, as well as his father and mother lamented the loss of him, he was so good a child.

Henceforth



Henceforth be every tender tear suppress'd,
Or let us weep for joy that he is bless'd;
From grief to bliss, from earth to heav'n remov'd,
His memory honour'd, as his life belov'd:
That heart, o'er which no evil e'er had power!
That disposition, sickness could not sour!
That sense, so oft to riper years deny'd!
That patience, heroes might have own'd with pride!
His painful race undauntedly he ran;
And on th' eleventh winter dy'd—a man.

Some years passed between the death of
their first child, and the birth of *Primrose*
Prettyface.

Prettyface (the subject of our present history) in whom they found ample consolation for all their affliction. It might truly be said, she was born to be the comfort of her father and mother in their old age. She was so dutiful and obliging to her parents, and so well behaved to every body, that all who saw or heard of her, if they had children, wished theirs to be like her, and those who had none, secretly desired them, in hopes of experiencing the happiness her parents enjoyed in the possession of their dear *Primrose*.

Her parents, though poor, took much pains in instructing their daughter, and that very early; for by the time she was six years old she could read and work like a little woman. Whenever the neighbours came to see them, she always sat still, and never said a word, unless first spoken to; for her father had often told her, "Little folk should be seen, and not heard;" and, indeed, if many great folk would let their tongnes wag less than they do, it would be better for them. The poet says,

*Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is seldom found.*

One day as she was going to the well for water, she met Lady *Worthy*. Whose pretty



little girl are you? said the lady. *Goodman Thompson's*, Madam, answered *Primrose*, with a courtesy. What trade is your daddy? continued the Lady. A thresher, Madam, and works for bread and cheese for *Prim*, and so does mammy too. Aye, aye, do they so? said the Lady, where do they live? In yonder little house below the mill, said *Primrose*, pointing at the same time with her little white finger. Run and draw your

water, said the lady, I will stay here the while, and then go with you to see your daddy and mammy.

You may be sure she made haste to draw the water, and returned in a trice to the lady, who took her by the hand, and they both walked together side by side to her father's.

When they came to the cottage, *Goody Thompson* was sitting at the door, winding off some cotton her daughter had been spinning. Good morning to you *Goody*, said lady *Worthy*; I have picked up a little pretty girl, I suppose she is yours? Yes, an't please your ladyship, replied *Goody Thompson*. How old is she? Can she read? said the lady. O yes, Madam, very prettily, returned *Goody Thompson*; go, *Prim*, fetch your book, and read the lessons you read to your father last night. She ran in directly, and returning with the book, read as follows:



LESSON I.

Pitch upon that course of life which is most excellent, and custom will render it the most delightful.

LESSON II.

Let reason go before every enterprize, and counsel before every action.

LESSON III.

Be not diverted from your duty by any reflections the silly or prophane parts of the

world may make upon you; for their ~~ca-~~
fures are not in your power, and ~~conse-~~
quently should be no part of your concern.

LESSON IV.

Never defer that till to-morrow which you can do to-day; never do that by proxy which you can do yourself.

LESSON V.

Forget others faults, and remember your own.

LESSON VI.

Rise from table with an appetite, and you will never sit down without one.

LESSON VII.

Avoid, as much as you can, the company of all vicious persons.

LESSON VIII.

There are but few who know how to be idle and innocent; by doing nothing we learn to do ill.

LESSON IX.

Of all prodigality that of time is the worst.

The

The lady, quite charmed, with *Primrose*'s reading, took her up in her arms, and kissed her a hundred times, and moreover, gave her half a crown to buy some books with; adding at the same time, She would look over her books at home, and pick out some to send her next day by the footman, and was then going away, but recollecting, she turned back, saying, Pray, does *Primrose Prettyface* go to church every *Sunday*, and say her prayers every night and morning? Yes, your ladyship, replied *Goody Thompson*. *Primrose* say the prayer 'Squire *Goodwill*'s housekeeper taught you last week. She instantly obeyed, and repeated as follows:

Father of light and life, thou Good Supreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself.
Serve me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never fading bliss!

Then she concluded with the Lord's Prayer, and the Belief; which she learned out of the *Universal Primer*. Now, *Primrose*, said her mother, sing the hymn too; nay, do not blush, her ladyship will like to hear it. *Primrose*, after a little hesitation (which I

would not have my readers mistake for obstinacy, because I can assure them it was occasioned by her modesty) began the following hymn :

*Hail! hail! Jehovah, heavenly King,
By mercy and thy grace we sing;
Who thro' thy Son's redeeming love,
Hast thus secur'd our bliss above.*

*Tho' sunk beneath the weight of sin,
Tho' strangers, thou didst take us in;
With grace beneficent, divine,
And mercy thou didst on us shine.*

*Thus renascent thy praise we sing,
The spacious firmament shall ring,
While myriads of thy hosts above,
Repeat thy mercy and thy love.*

Her ladyship was now more delighted than ever with little *Primrose*, and told her, if she continued to be a good girl, God would bless her, and every body would love her dearly; and after giving her another kiss, and promising to send the books the next day, she left them, very well pleased at the entertainment she had met with.

About an hour after Lady *Worthy* was gone, *Goodman Thompson* came home. Little *Primrose*

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Primrose told him all that had passed, and that the lady promised to give her some books too, and showed him the half crown, desiring him to keep it for her till she was a woman, and then jumped and capered about the room like a wild thing, being hardly able to contain herself for joy.

C H A P. III.

Lady Worthy performs her promises; the pack t opened; the story of Leontine and Eudoxus, as contained in the packet.

ABOUT noon the next day a servant arrived with a parcel and a letter. Goodman Thompson opened the parcel for little *Prim-rose*, and out tumbled above a dozen large books, together with several of Mr. Marshall's gilt books for children, which last were all bound in gilt covers. The next thing to be looked into was the letter.



Dear

Dear Child,

As I am convinced you do your best endeavours to fulfil your duty to your Maker, and love learning, I have herewith sent you several books, in which you will find some very pretty and instructive stories: my desire is, that as you know so much yourself, you may begin, as soon as possible, to teach oth. &c, and to this end, I would have you (by leave of your father and mother) learn the little boys and girls, who are your neighbours, to read and spell. I have sent some of Mr. Marshall's Universal Primers and Battledores, for those who cannot read as yet; as for those who already know something, you may let them read in turns out of the great books.

Yours,

MATILDA WORTHY.

As soon as the servant was gone, *Primrose Prettyface* set about cleaning her milk-pails, swept out the room, did the task her mother had set her at spinning, and fetched up the cow as fast as she could, that she might get time to read some of the books. Her work being all finished, she went into the garden, and sitting down under the mulberry-tree,



“ *Eudoxus and Leontine began the world with small estates. They were both of them men of good sense and great virtue. They prosecuted their studies together in their earlier years, and entered into such a friendship as lasted to the end of their lives.*

“ *Eudoxus, at his first setting out in the world, threw himself into a court, where, by his natural endowments, and acquired abilities*

abilities, he made his way from one post to another, till at length he had raised a very considerable fortune. *Leontine*, on the contrary, sought all opportunities of improving his mind by study, conversation, and travel. He was not only acquainted with all the sciences, but with the most eminent professors of them throughout *Europe*. He knew perfectly well the interest of its princes, with the customs and fashions of their courts, and could scarce meet with the name of an extraordinary person he had not either talked to or seen. In short, he had so well mixed and digested his knowledge of men and books, that he made one of the most accomplished persons of his age. During the whole course of his studies and travels he kept up a punctual correspondence with *Eudoxus*, who often made himself acceptable to the men about the court, by the intelligence which he received from *Leontine*.

“ When they were both turned of forty, they determined, pursuant to a resolution they had taken in the beginning of their lives, to retire, and pass the remainder of their days in the country. In order to this, they both of them married about the same time. *Leontine*, with his own and

his wife's fortune, bought a farm of three hundred a year, which lay within the neighbourhood of his friend *Eudoxus*, who had purchased an estate of as many thousands.

“ They were both of them fathers about the same time. *Eudoxus* having a son born to him, and *Leontine* a daughter; but to the unspeakable grief of the latter, his wife, (in whom his happiness was wrapt up) died in a few days after the birth of her daughter. His affliction would have been insupportable, had he not been comforted by the daily visits and conversations of his agreeable friend.



“ As

" As they were one day talking together with their usual intimacy, *Leontine*, considering how incapable he was of giving his daughter a proper education in his own house, and *Eudoxus* reflecting on the ordinary behaviour of a son who knows himself to be the heir of a great estate, they both agreed upon an exchange of children, namely, that the boy should be bred up with *Leontine* as his son, and that the girl should live with *Eudoxus* as his daughter, till they were each of them arrived at years of discretion.

" The wife of *Eudoxus*, knowing that her son could not be so advantageously brought up as under the care of *Leontine*, and considering also at the same time, that he would be perpetually under her own eye, was by degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the project. She therefore took *Leonilla* (for that was the name of the girl) and educated her as her own daughter.

" The two friends on each side had wrought themselves to such an habitual tenderness for the children who were under their direction, that each of them had the real passion of a father, where the title was imaginary. *Florio*, the name of the young heir that lived with *Leontine*, though he had all the duty and

D

affection

affection imaginable for his supposed parent, was taught to rejoice at the sight of *Endoxus*, who visited his friend very frequently, and was dictated by his natural affection, as well as by the rules of prudence, to make himself esteemed and beloved by *Florio*.

" The boy was now old enough to know his supposed father's circumstances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the world by his own industry. This consideration grew stronger in him every day, and produced so good an effect in him, that he applied himself with more than ordinary attention to the pursuit of every thing which *Leontine* recommended to him. His natural abilities, which were very good, assisted by the directions of so excellent a counsellor, enabled him to make a quicker progress than ordinary through all the parts of his education. Before he was twenty years of age, having finished his studies and exercises with great applause, he was removed from the University to the Inns of Court, where there are very few who make themselves considerable proficients in the studies of the place, who know they shall arrive at great estates without them. This was not *Florio's* case, he found that three hundred a year was but a poor estate for *Leontine* and himself

himself to live upon, so that he studied without intermission till he gained a very good insight into the constitution and laws of his country.



“ I should have told my readers, that whilst *Floris* lived at the house of his foster-father, he was always an acceptable guest in the family of *Eudoxus*, where he became acquainted with *Leouilla* from her infancy. His acquaintance with her by degrees grew into love, which in a mind trained up in all the sentiments of honour and virtue,

became a very uneasy passion. He despaired of gaining an heiress of so great a fortune, and would rather have died than have attempted it by any indirect methods.

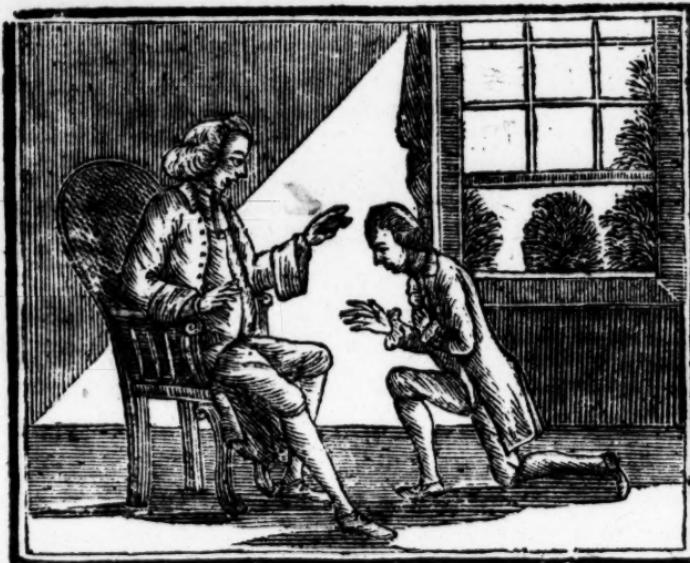
“ *Leonilla*, who was a woman of the greatest beauty, joined with the greatest modesty, entertained the same time a secret passion for *Florio*, but conducted herself with so much prudence, that she never gave him the least intimation of it.

“ *Florio* was now engaged in all those arts and improvements that are proper to raise a man’s private fortune, and give him a figure in his country; but secretly tormented with that passion which burns with the greatest fury in a virtuous heart, when he received a summons from *Leontine* to repair to him into the country the next day. For it seems *Eudoxus* was so filled with the report of his son’s reputation, that he could no longer withhold making himself known to him.

“ The morning after his arrival at the house of his supposed father, *Leontine* told him that *Eudoxus* had something of great importance to communicate to him; upon which the good man embraced him, and wept. *Florio* was no sooner arrived at the great house that stood in his neighbourhood, but *Eudoxus* took him by the hand, after the first salutes were

over

over, and conducted him into his closet. He there opened to him the whole secret of his parentage and education, concluding after this manner: I have no other way of acknowledging my gratitude to *Leontine*, than by marrying you to his daughter. He shall not loose the pleasure of being your father by the discovery I have made to you. *Leonilla* too shall be still my daughter: her filial piety, though misplaced, has been so exemplary, that it deserves the greatest reward I can confer upon it. You shall have the pleasure of seeing a great estate fall to you, which you would have lost all relish of, had you known yourself born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same manner you did before you were possessed of it. I have left your mother in the next room, her heart yearns towards you. She is making the same disclosures to *Leonilla* which I have made to yourself. *Florio* was so overwhelmed with this profusion of happiness, that he was not able to make a reply, but threw himself down at his father's



feet, and amidst a flood of tears, kissed and embraced his knees, asking his blessing, and expressing in dum show those sentiments of love, duty, and gratitude, that were too big for utterance.

“ To conclude, the happy pair were married, and half *Exodus*’s estate settled upon them. *Leontine* and *Eudoxus* passed the remainder of their lives together; and received, in the dutiful and affectionate behaviour of *Florio* and *Leonilla* the just recompence, as well as the natural effects of that care, which they had bestowed upon them in their education.”

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She had finished this story when her mother called her to go to-bed; so shutting up the book, she went in directly, as all good girls and boys should do. How she fulfilled the lady's command, in teaching the neighbouring children, you may soon learn, gentle reader, if you will give yourself the trouble of perusing the next chapter.

The RENGWEND HISTORY of

CHAP. IV.

How PRIMROSE PRETTYFACE became a School Mistris, and her manner of teaching; which we shall not say too much about, lest some one should take pei at our discovering the arcana of the business.

THE next morning Primrose Prettyface called the children about her to show them what fine books she had. When they



saw

saw the pictures, they were all ready to run wild: I will have a book! cried *Dick Bowler*; O! give me one! said *Tom Dawson*; and me too! cried a little one; and so they all cried, and began to be a little unruly, till *Goody Thompson* ran out to see what was the matter, with a Heigh derry down! heigh derry down! what is here to be done?—I will have a book, and give me one;—No, no, it must not be so; no rude girls or boys should ever have any books by my good-will. If you will all promise to be good, and learn what *Primrose* will teach you, you shall each have a book, but not till then. We will be good, cried *Tom Dawson*. We will all be good! said *Dick Bowler*. Well, well, then, said *Goody Thompson*, let me see you make a beginning: Go, sit down on the bench under the tree, and *Primrose* shall hear you read. Overjoyed at the proposal, they all began to seat themselves in order, and each had a book delivered to them to learn their lessons out of. So *Goody Thompson* having told her daughter how to proceed, she returned to her work. *Primrose* then sat down to her spinning, and *Dick Bowler*, being the oldest boy, stood by her, and read the following story out of one of the great books.

"As

"As the passage boat, which carried passengers from *Leiden* to *Amsterdam*, was putting off, a boy running along the side of the canal desired to be taken in; who the master



of the boat refused, because the lad had not quite money enough to pay the usual fare. An eminent merchant being pleased with the looks of the boy, and secretly touched with compassion towards him, paid the money for him, and ordered him to be taken on board. Upon talking with him afterwards, he found that he could talk readily in three or four languages, and learned, upon further examination,

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mination, that he had been stolen away when he was a child by a gypsey, and had rambled ever since with a gang of those strollers up and down several parts of *Europe*. It happened that the merchant, whose heart seems to have inclined towards the boy by a kind of instinct, had himself lost a child some years before. The parents, after long search for him, gave him up for drowned in one of the canals with which this country abounds ; and the mother was so afflicted at the loss of a fine boy, who was her only son, that she died for grief of it. Upon laying together all the particulars, and examining the several moles and marks by which the mother used to describe the child when he was first missed, the boy proved to be son of the merchant, whose heart had so unaccountably melted at the sight of him. The lad was very glad to find a father who was so rich, and likely to leave him a good estate ; the father, on the other hand, was not a little delighted to see a son return to him whom he had given up for lost, with such a strength of constitution, sharpness of understanding, and skill in languages."

—
Dick Bowler had scarcely finished the story when *Primrose* discovered one of the youngsters torturing a fly, by first transfixing it with pins



She was vexed exceedingly at seeing such cruelty, as well she might; but recovering herself, she called the boy to her, and reprimanded him with, *O fie, Bobby!* I am ashamed to see your wicked disposition; have you not heard, *That he who can wantonly destroy an inoffensive insect, or innocent animal, will in time be able, with less reluctance, to kill a man?* lest these cruelties by frequent repetitions should become habitual, I will show you

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you them in such a light as shall chill you with horror.

Do you imagine, that the little insect you have been tormenting with so much cruelty, out of wantonness, has no sensation of pain? Suppose now, some great giant were to run a sword through your body, I dare say you are sensible it would give you unspeakable torment: And is a common sword in your body any more than a small pin in one of those little flies? no, the smaller an animal is, the quicker and more acute is its sensibility: because it's parts are so much more delicate and tender.—Here the little one burst out a crying. I am pleased, continued *Primrose*, to see you sorry for the crime you have committed; go, sit down, and never be so naughty again. Then addressing all of them, I hope, my dears, you do not suppose the Divine Being created these poor creatures merely to please the whim and caprice of mankind: He has breathed the same life into thousands of animals as that by which you exist; and though he has made man master of all, yet it is only in a limited sense. He has appointed certain creatures for the support and sustenance of many; yet, when we take the lives even of these, it ought to be with the greatest decency, and even with compunction.

punction. All noxious animals also, that is to say, such as we have a natural antipathy to, and shudder at the sight of, as snakes, toads, and serpents, may be destroyed by the laws of nature; but shall we for the same reasons kill a fly, a worm, or such inoffensive insects which cannot do us any mischief? It is not in our power to give life to any thing, and therefore what right have we to destroy an existence which we cannot restore. The man who without remorse can do these things, ought to be banished to the deserts of *Arabia*, there to live among lions and tygers; for he is not fit for human society: nay, even those beasts, savage as they are, generally submit to their keepers, or those who have used them kindly. *Nancy Daives*, go to my mother, and ask her for the great book with the marble cover. She brought it. Let me see—there is a story about a lion in it.—O! here it is. Read it *Nancy*.

About sixty years ago, when the plague raged at *Naples*, Sir *George Davis*, Consul there for the *English* nation, retired to *Florence*. It happened one day he went out of curiosity to see the Great Duke's lions. At the farther end, in one of the dens lay a lion, which the keeper in three years time could not tame, with

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with all the art and gentle usage imaginable. Sir *George* no sooner appeared at the gates of the den, but the lion ran to him with all the joy and transport he was capable of expressing. He reared himself up and licked his hand, which this gentleman put in through the grates. The keeper, affrighted, took him by the arm, and pulled him away, begging him not to hazard his life, by going so near the fiercest creature of that kind that ever entered those dens. However, nothing would satisfy Sir *George*, notwithstanding all that



could be said to dissuade him, but he must go into the den to him. The very instant he

entered the lion threw his paws upon his shoulders, and licked his face, and ran to and fro in the den, fawning and full of joy, like a dog at the sight of his master. After several embraces and salutations exchanged on both sides, they parted very good friends. The rumour of this interview between the lion and the stranger rung immediately through the whole city, and Sir *George* was very near passing for a saint amongst the people. The great Duke, when he heard of it, sent for Sir *George*, who waited upon his Highness to the den, and to satisfy his curiosity, gave him the following account of what seemed so strange to the Duke and his followers:

“ A Captain of a ship from *Barbary* gave me this lion when he was a young whelp. I brought him up tame; but when I thought him too large to be suffered to run about the house, I built a den for him in my court-yard. From that time he was never permitted to go loose, except when I brought him within doors, to show him to my friends. When he was five months old, in his game-some tricks he did some mischief by pawing and playing with people. Having gripped a man a little too hard, I ordered him to be shot, for fear of incurring the guilt of what might happen; upon this a friend who was

then

then at dinner with me begged him: How he came here I know not. Here Sir George Davis ended, and thereupon the Duke of Tuscany assured him that he had the lion from that very friend of his."

Nancy Darwes having finished this story, the next in turn was little Phil. Jones, but as he was not old enough to read poetry, Primrose herself read to them the following verses.

Elegy on a Black-Bird shot on Valentine's-Day.

*THE sun had chac'd the winter snow,
And kindly loos'd the frost-bound soil;
The melting streams began to flow,
And ploughmen urg'd their annual toil.*

*T'was then amid the vernal throng,
Whom nature wakes to mirth and love,
A Blackbird rais'd his amorous song;
And thus it echo'd thro' the grove:*

*O fairest of the feather'd train,
For whom I sing, for whom I burn,
Attend with pity to my strain,
And grant my love a kind return.*

*See, see, the winter's storms are flown,
And Zephyr gently fan the air!
Let us the genial influence own,
Let us the vernal pastime share.*



I'll lead thee to the clearest rill,
 Whose streams among the pebbles play;
 There will we sit and sip our fill,
 Or on the flowery border play.

I'll guide thee to the thickest brake,
 Impervious to the school-boy's eye:
 For thee the plaster'd nest I'll make,
 And on thy downy pinions lie.

To get thee food I'll range the fields,
 And cull the best of every kind,
 Whatever Nature's bounty yields,
 Or love's assiduous care can find.

And

And when my lovely mate would stray,
To taste the Summer's sweets at large ;
At home I'll wait the live long day,
And tend our little infant charge.

When prompted by a mother's care,
Thy warmth shall form th' imprisoned young,
With thee the task I'll fondly share ;
Or cheer thy labours with a song.

He ceas'd his song. The melting dame,
With tender pity heard his strain,
She felt, she own'd a mutual flame,
And hastened to relieve his pain.

He led her to the nuptial bower,
And nestled closely by her side ;
The happiest bridegroom in that hour,
And she the most enamour'd bride.

Next morn he wak'd her with a song,
Arise, behold the new-born day !
The lark his mattin peal has rung,
Arise, my love, and come away.

Together to the fields they stray'd,
And to the verdant rivulet's side,
Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd, and play'd,
With honest joy and decent pride.

But, O ! my Muse with pain relates,
The mournful sequel of my tale ;
Sent by an order of the fates,
A gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd

Alarm'd, the lover cry'd, my dear,

Haste, haste away; from danger fly!

Here gunner, turn thy vengeance here!

O! spare my love, and let me die.



At him the gunner took his aim,

The aim he took was much too true!

O! had he chose some other game,

Or miss'd, as he was us'd to do.

Divid'd pair, forgive the wrong,

While I with tears your fate rehearse;

I'll join the widow's plaintive song,

And save the lover in my verse.

This

This piece being read, *Prim* heard the little ones tell their letters, and so forth; and then broke up her school for that day.

C H A P. V.

PRIMROSE PRETTYFACE, *by a melancholy Accident loses one of her Scholars.*

HOW sad a thing it is not to do as we are bid by our parents. *Tom Dawson* was a very pretty boy, and his father and mother loved him dearly; yet though this was the case, he often behaved extremely naughty to them, and one time in particular, when his mother was washing and combing him, instead of standing still like a good boy, he cried, and went so far at last as to scratch his mother's face, for which his father, when he came home, whipped him soundly. After this, he seemed inclined to behave better, and perhaps, might have been a good boy, and made his parents happy, had not an unfortunate accident happened, which deprived *Primrose* of a scholar, and his parents of a child, in whom all their hopes were placed.

One morning his mother gave him a basket of fruit, and bade him carry it to his uncle, who lived in the next village, and make haste back

back as fast as he could. He accordingly set out as if he intended to do so; but not returning so soon as was expected, his mother began to be angry. After waiting some time, she went down the village to *Primrose*, to see if he was with the other little boys and girls; but *Primrose* had not seen any thing of him that day. Well, ten o'clock came, eleven o'clock too, but no *Tom*. Surely, thought she, he will find his way back to dinner. If he be ever so idle, hunger may bring him home. At last dinner time came, but yet no appearance of *Tom*. She now became very uneasy, fearing some accident had happened. Whilst she was terrifying herself with a thousand apprehensions, and standing at the door with longing eyes, she saw a number of people, gathered together, and coming up the village. She asked a neighbour, who was passing by, What was the matter? He replied, with a sigh, You will soon know. An hundred ideas rushed upon her mind in an instant, and she had scarce time to fear the worst, before it was presented to her eyes; a melancholy scene indeed, her dear *Tommy* drowned, and carried between two persons, and the poor father, almost mad with grief, walking after him, supported by one of his neighbours. At this sight she shrieked out, and fell into a swoon;

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nor could she be recovered from it for some time, so violent was the shock. My readers no doubt, are desirous of being informed how this melancholy affair happened: thus it was.

As his father and a neighbour were fishing that morning in the river, and dragging the net to shore, they enclosed, to their thinking, a large fish, which they hoped would pay them well for their morning's work. But gues, O ! reader, the wretched father's grief, when he beheld in the net, not a large fish as he expected, but the body of his own son, drowned beyond hope of recovery. Like



one distracted he wrung his hands, and calling on the name of his dear *Tommy*, would have flung himself into the river, had not his companion prevented him.

His cloathes and the basket of fruit were found on the bank of the river; and it is conjectured that *Tommy*, in trying to get a bird's nest which hung over the water, had fallen in and been carried away by the rapidity of the stream.

Three days after he was followed to the grave by six of his school-fellows. *Primrose* and her whole school attended the funeral.

I hope this sad accident will be a sufficient warning to all little girls and boys not to be too venturous. My readers may remember too, that it was but in the last chapter *Primrose* said so much on cruelty to animals: If *Tommy Dawson* had gone on his errand without stopping to take the poor innocent bird's nest, he might have lived till now, and his parents would have been happy.

C H A P. VI.

In which may be found a Battle without Blood, a Horse without a Tail, and a naughty Boy without his Breakfast.

ALTHOUGH *Primrose Prettyface* took great pains to prevent any disturbances in

her

her school, from the children's quarrelling with each other, she was not quite so successful this way as might be wished. One afternoon, while she went into the house to carry some work she had just finished to her mother, one of the youngsters produced a small bladder full of liquor, which he had squeezed from some mulberries, calling out at the same time, Who will buy my mulberry wine? Who will buy my mulberry wine? *Sam Harding*, who stood by, made a sudden snatch at the bladder as the other held it up, and getting hold of it, would certainly have wrested it away, had not *Tom Jones* got up, and put in his claim also. Upon this *Sam Harding*'s sister, who was equally fond of mischief with her brother, started up, and to it they all went, some pulling the bladder and others the string. At length the bladder being so stoutly assailed, burst, and emptied its contents full in the faces of the four combatants, from whence it trickled plentifully downwards; nor did some escape who stood by as spectators of the fray; a very proper punishment for those who can see mischief without endeavouring to prevent it. And now the two seconds declining any further contest, left the two principals to fight it out by themselves, who by this time were struggling on the ground: the

object of the quarrel to be sure was gone, but the skin of that object remained, and was thought by these little children, as it is sometimes by great children, sufficient pretence for a continuation of the contest. It was difficult to determine which party would be victorious, when *Primrose* about this time made her appearance. At the sight of so much blood (as she supposed it) she shrieked out for help. This soon brought her father and mother, together with many of the neighbours, to see what was the matter, and *Sam Harding*'s father among the rest. Each of the women ran to her own child to search for wounds: but none were to be found.

The heroes still kept struggling on the ground, till *Sam*'s father dragged him away by main force, at which, not being the most dutiful child we have heard of, he struck at his father several times. His father was far from being pleased when first he saw him; but when he experienced such behaviour towards himself, he was much vexed, and resolved to punish him for it.

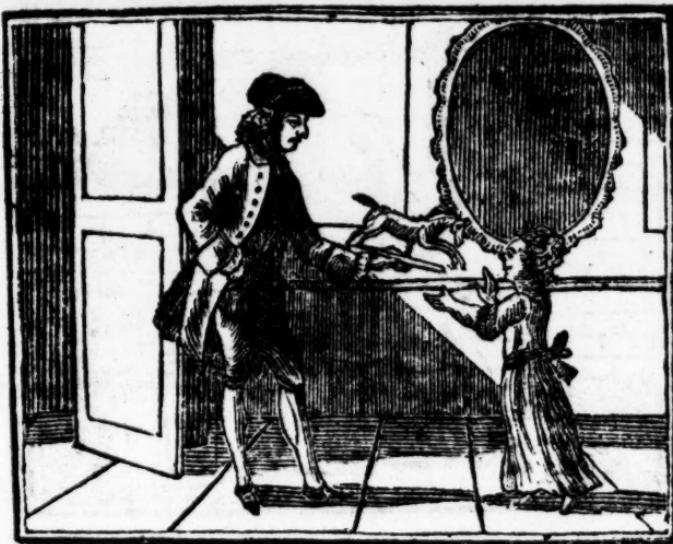
Not above a hundred yards distant stood a large tub of water, into which his father plunged him, as this was likely to answer the double purpose of cooling his courage, and washing off the stain of the blood, otherwise mulberry liquor.

When



When Mr. *Jones* and company had wiped their stained clothes, and washed their faces, the women returned to their work, and Sam's father to deter them from such quarrels in future, sat down by *Primrose*, and told them the following, story:

“ Mr. *Wilkins* had three little boys, the youngest was about four years old, the other two, who were twins, about five years older; he was very fond of them, and did every thing in his power to make them happy, and engage them to love each other. One fair-day he bought a very pretty little wooden horse, and gave it to his youngest boy. Now



the reader must be acquainted, that the year before, when he bought some play-things for the other two, they quarrelled and fought about them, each wanting the other's, and yet not caring to part with his own. Mr. Wilkins, who, as we have observed before, always embraced every opportunity of making his children love each other, after convincing them how wrong it was to quarrel and fight, and obliging them to make it up again, bought two of Dr. Watt's Divine Songs for children, and gave one to each of them, with a leaf doubled down at the following song, part of which I will repeat to you.

LOVE

LOVE between BROTHERS and SISTERS.

*W*HATEVER brawls distract the street,
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

*B*irds in their little nests agree;
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

*H*ard names at first, and threatening words
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder, and to death.

*T*he devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another;
So wicked Cain was burried on
Till he had kill'd his brother.

*T*he wife will make their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night;
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning light.

“ On the same day he gave his youngest
the little horse, he gave a nice ball and
gilt shuttlecock with green feathers to the
other two.

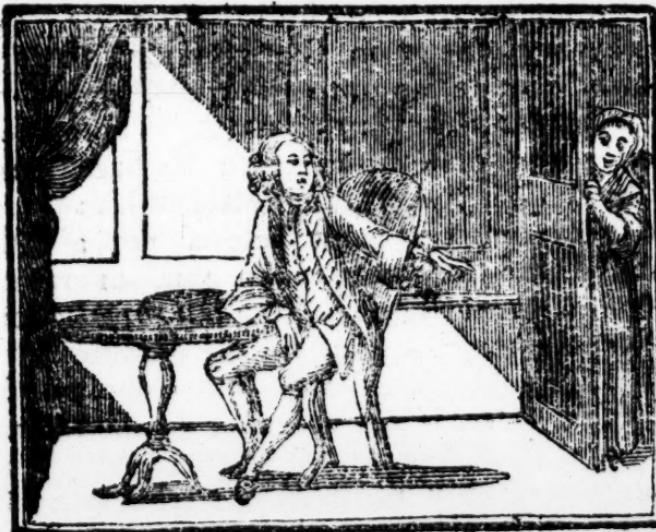


“ You may remember about sixteen moments since, I told you of Mr. *Wilkins*’s giving his little boy a horse. You are to remember then, about sixteen hours after, his brother *Jem* resolved it should be his no longer; and having heard some persons on other occasions mention an old proverb, that “ Might overcomes right,” he very wisely (wisely did I say! I mean wickedly) applied it to this occasion; having, therefore, watched an opportunity, as the little one was drawing his horse round the hall before breakfast the next morning, he made a snatch at it, but only got the tail. The little one, young as he was

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was, had already sense enough to know that a horse without a tail was better than no horse at all. Possessed of this knowledge, he caught up the horse and ran away with it: The other was not long in following, and soon got it. Mr. *Wilkins*, who was reading by himself in the parlour, hearing a noise, called the maid to know the reason of it. The maid



was scarce gone to know what occasioned the noise, before the little one came roaring into the parlour, that *Jemmy* had first pulled his horse's Tail off, and afterwards taken the horse itself from him. Mr. *Wilkins*, being in a great passion, falled out immediately with a birch

birch in his hand, in quest of him. *Jemmy*, who foresaw the effects of his father's anger, if he should find him, made the best of his way up to the foot-boy's garret, and away went man and horse up the chimney together. He had scarce concealed himself before his father popped into the room after him; however, he had no thoughts of looking up the chimney, so that after searching a long time he returned into the parlour. *Jem* kept very quietly in the chimney, till the foot-boy came up into the room, and went to a hole in that very chimney, to take some money out of a little hoard he had there, upon which *Jem*, calling softly to him to inquire how matters went below, not a little startled the foot-boy, who ran, or rather tumbled down stairs, calling out, "A ghost in the chimney! a ghost in the chimney!"

"I suppose you have all heard about *The Wild Man of the Woods*, commonly called *Peter the Wild Youth*? or of the ghosts and phantoms which silly maids and nurses talk of, but which exist no where but in their own crazy imaginations? However, you may fancy what you please, and rack your imagination to the utmost, and yet not raise a much more terrible figure than the foot-boy appeared on his entrance into the kitchen, with his hair erect, his mouth wide open, and

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and his eyes, though not quite so big as saucers, yet stretched to their utmost pitch of magnitude."

"Mr. Wilkins hearing this second uproar, again rung the bell to know the cause. On learning it, he went up instantly to the garret, and obliged Jem, otherwise the ghost, not unlike a chimney-sweeper in complexion, to come down from his hiding-place. Mr. Wilkins, whose anger had subsided, carried the young gentleman down into the study, took away the little one's horse, and his own shuttlecock, and made him stand in the corner till his belly cried cupboard twenty times



in

in a minute, and forbade him to appear before him for a week after, nor would he forgive him till his brother interceded for him. The servants too were forbidden to speak to him. And though out of their great respect to his father they did not call him Thief, he went by the nick-name of the Ghost ever after." This, added *Harding's* father, brings to my mind one of the songs in that book I mentioned before, it is called

The THIEF.

WHY should I deprive my neighbour,

Of his goods against his will?

Hands were made for honest labour;

Not to plunder or to steal.

'Tis a foolish self-deceiving,

By such tricks to hope for gain:

All that's ever got by thieving

Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.

Have not Eve and Adam taught us

Their sad profit to compute?

To what dismal state they brought us,

When they stole forbidden fruit.

Oft we see a young beginner

Practise little pil'ring ways,

Till grown up a harden'd sinner,

Then the gallows ends his days.

Guard

Guard my heart, O God of Heaven !

Left I covet what's not mine :

Left I steal what is not giv'n,

Guard my heart and hands from sin.

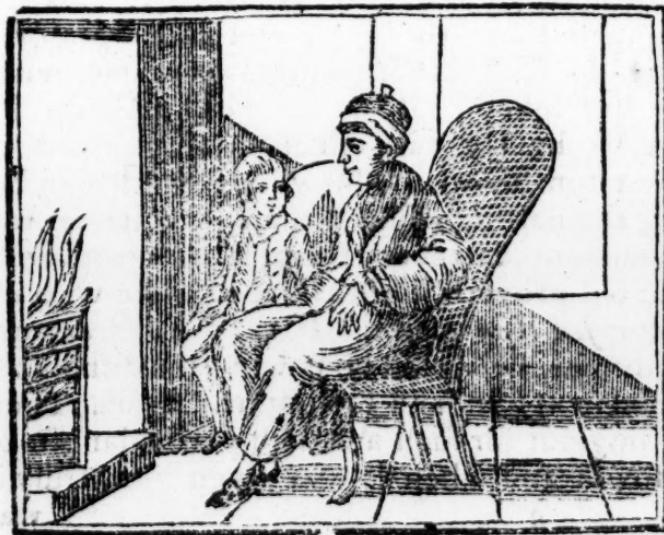
I heft will not be always hidden,

Tho' we fancy none can spy :

When we take a thing forbidden,

God beholds it with his eye.

As for the other twin, he became so good after the first misdemeanor, that his father let him sit with him every evening, at which times he would tell him many entertaining stories.



This narration being finished, and the school hours elapsed, *Primrose* made an end of teaching for that day; and here also the author chuses to make an end of the chapter.

C H A P. VII.

In which Primrose Prettyface appears in a new Situation. Some Folk better fed than taught. Some Mischief, some Mirth, some Moral.

WHEN *Primrose Prettyface* became old enough to go to service, she left off teaching, and was taken into the family of 'Squire *Homestead*', in the next village. It was her busines there to sweep and dust the rooms, and do such other matters as came within her sphere, which were often much increased by the carelessness or wantonness of their son *Jemmy*. This young gentleman being the darling of his Papa and Mamma, was so humoured in every thing, that according to the old proverb, he was one of those who are *better fed than taught*. If they had company at dinner, he would be pawing the dishes that stood next him, and licking his fingers. Then calling out for such and such particular bits of a fowl; and when it was given him, truly it

was not so nice and white as that Papa had on his plate: well then, to be sure, the dear boy must have Papa's, and Papa take his. Presently, whilst the servant was attending some of the company, he would call for beer, and when it was brought, begin scolding, because the servant forgot to give it him in the painted cup. So that what with his throwing down the wine, pulling the victuals about, greasing people's clothes, and other such disagreeable actions, many persons discontinued visiting at their house. He was very unlucky, and would tell fibs, and sometimes swear and call names shockingly. In these things he was not a little forwarded by keeping company with the son of one of his father's tenants. This lad had taught him almost every thing that was bad. *Evil communication corrupt good manners*, says my copy book, and this indeed is often verified to the cost of many who will not take advice in time. *Jemmy* was continually in mischief, and when he had done any, to screen himself, would tell fibs and lay it on other people.

'Squire *Homestead* had frequently observed to his Lady, that the best apple-tree was often robbed, but by whom he could never discover. *Little Jem*, who stood by, said he believed *Primrose Prettyface* did it, for he often

te*1* saw her in the garden, near that tree.
Upon this she was called into the room, and



interrogated concerning it. *Prim*, who had been little used to accusations of that kind, cried very much when she was asked how she dared to do it? However, drying up her pretty eyes, She declared, She had never taken an apple off any tree in the garden without the knowledge of her fellow servants; but in particular she had never touched that tree; because she had heard her master say, he liked the apples, and would have them saved for his friends and himself. *Jemmy*
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still insisted on the truth of his accusation, and 'Squire *Homestead* bade her go out of the room for an impudent baggage, as she was. *Primrose Prettyface* knowing herself innocent, cried sadly, whilst *Jemmy* triumphed in his wicked contrivances. But this triumph was of very short duration, he being found out, and when he least thought of it too.

One day when 'Squire *Homestead* had a great deal of company, *Jemmy* came running into the room, without taking the least notice of the gentlemen and ladies present. His uncle, who had just then been looking out of the window, but turned round at hearing *Jemmy* make a great stamping in coming up stairs, observed his rude manner of entering the room, and asked somewhat sharply, Where was his bow? *Jemmy* looked much confused; but neither spoke nor moved. I say, Sir, said his uncle, where is your bow? After some hesitation, he replied, In the barn, and roared like a town bull. The company, not knowing what he meant, could not help smiling. However, *Jemmy* continued crying, and said, *Jack Dobbins* was as much in fault as he; and added, indeed he would never do so any more. His uncle, suspecting something at the bottom, seized hold on him (see how silly he looks) and asked him how he dared do so? Come,

continued he, tell the truth, and you shall be forgiven; but if you say a word that is



not so, you shall be sent for a drummer as sure as you are alive. After much sobing and crying, out came the truth at last. *Jemmy*, with his hopeful companion *Jack Dobbins*, had been in the garden, and not content with pulling the fruit, had broken a bough off the very tree 'Squire *Homestead* so much valued, and which but a few days before *Primrose Prettyface* had been falsely accused by *Jemmy* of robbing. The bough they had hidden in the barn; but the apples *Jack Dobbins* carried home for his own use.

At this discovery (Squire Homestead was very angry, and would have threshed him soundly had not the company interposed and begged him off. His uncle too reprimanded him severely, and the more so, because of the fibs he had told of *Primrose* ; nor would he be satisfied till she was called into the room, and he had begged her pardon before the whole company. When *Primrose* was gone, he told *Jemmy* how wicked it was, to keep such company as he did, who had taught him to rob, even his own father's garden, and then added to the crime, by telling a lie, and laying the blame on an innocent person ; besides, his stripping the tree in that manner was a proof of a greedy disposition. He finished his advice with the homely but good counsel, which he said his old grandmother gave him when he was a boy.

*Of a little take a little,
You're kindly welcome too ;
Of a little leave a little,
'Tis manners so to do.*

C H A P. VIII.

A melancholy Accident happens at 'Squire Homestead's, which occasions Primrose Prettyface to change her Situation.

WILL people never take advice! Will they never be warned by the sufferings of others! One would think some persons had no feeling, no sense of danger; or they would certainly be more careful of their fire and candle than they are. Poor 'Squire Homestead and his Lady will have sufficient cause to lament such carelessness. A dreadful fire broke out one morning about two o'clock, at their house, when all the family were asleep. *Primrose* was the first who discovered any thing of the matter: she waked her fellow-servant, and jumping out of bed, they ran to open their room door, when the flames burst in upon them. They had, however, presence of mind enough to shut the door, and pulling the sheets off the bed, tied them together, then made fast one end to the bedstead, and flinging the other end out of the window, slid down within a yard of the ground. *Primrose* escaped unhurt, but her fellow-servant being in too much hurry, sprained

sprained her ankle. By this time the whole village was alarmed, and came running from all quarters to their assistance. The flames now began to rage with incredible fury. All the family, except *Jemmy* and the footman, had, by the help of ropes and ladders, escaped. The whole scene now exhibited a shocking spectacle, heightened by the shrieks of the women, and the cries of those who remained in the house. On a sudden, the bow-window, which reached from the bottom of the house to the top, fell in, and discovered a dreadful sight indeed! The footman and *Jemmy* in one corner of the great room, unable to escape from the flames. In less than three minutes the whole floor gave way, and poor *Jemmy*, in the sight of his distracted father, sunk into the flames. The footman, just as the floor fell in, jumped upon the girder, being all that was left; but this was only to reserve him for greater torture; he ran backward and forward on it, then stood up against the wall, wringing his hands, and imploring help; but all in vain, the girder gave way, and he fell in also, amidst the cries of a great concourse of people, unable to assist him.

My

My readers can better imagine the distraction of the parents, with the horror and lamentation of the neighbours, than I can describe them, or indeed, am willing to do if I could. Neither would the author of this history have related so shocking an event to his readers, had not the cause of it made the thing absolutely necessary.

In short, the butler was fond of reading, and indulged his inclination that way so much, as to read in bed; he did so that night, fell asleep, the curtains and bed-cloaths took fire, and the horrid consequences followed, which have been already related. Though he escaped himself, he never could eradicate from his thoughts the fate of the unhappy and innocent sufferers. This troubled him so much, that he at last lost his senses. The right use of which, those never can be said to have, who act in the same imprudent manner.

C H A P. IX.

In which the Reader becomes more particularly acquainted with Lady Worthy.

ABOUT this time a vacancy happened in Lady *Worthy*'s family, by the marriage of her waiting woman to farmer *Glebe*. Her Ladyship knowing the disagreeable situation *Primrose Prettyface* was in at 'Squire *Homestead*'s, had long sought an opportunity of having *Primrose* herself; but all the servants loved her ladyship so well, that a change in the family scarce happened once in five years. Lady *Worthy* sent a servant to *Primrose*'s parents, to inform them of the event, and that if they chose to let their daughter come and live with her, she should (on her behaving well) want for no encouragement that it was in her power to bestow.

My readers may be sure this proved very agreeable, and was readily consented to by all parties.

It has been laid down as a rule by the people called critics, that principal persons in a story should never be introduced without

out a proper account of their characters, because by that means the reader is made acquainted with them, and knows how to treat them with due respect, or disrepect, according to the merit or demerit of such new introduced personages. I am, therefore, gentle reader, or mighty critics, going to give you this information. I should have done it before; but that the former part of this Renowned History was in the press before the rule was in my head.

Lady *Worthy* was about fifty, and had been a widow ever since the ninth year of her marriage with Sir *William Worthy*; by whom



she

she had a son, a fine young gentleman, who just at this time she had with much reluctance sent to the university, and whom we shall have occasion to speak more of hereafter.

During the time Sir *William* lived, they never had the least shadow of a quarrel. If ever they had any dispute, it was not who should, but who should not have the sway, and I shall never forget an expression Sir *William* made use of when his lady insisted on relieving a family out of her own private purse. My dear, said he, how can you be so unfair as to monopolize good-nature, and be such a covetous person, that you will insist on doing all the generous actions yourself?

Her character as a parent was equally excellent. As to her domestics, the aspect of every one in the family carried so much satisfaction, that it appeared all knew the happy lot that had befallen them, in being a member of it. There was one particular that I have seldom heard of but at Lady *Worthy*'s. It is usual in all places, that servants fly from those parts of the house through which the master or mistress is passing: on the contrary, here they industriously placed themselves in the way, and

it was on both sides, as it were, understood as a visit when the servants appeared without calling. Thus respect and love went together, and when a servant was called, it was not to be scolded or rated at, but often to know what road he took that he came so readily back according to order. Whether he passed by such a ground? whether the old man who rented it was in good health? or whether he gave her ladyship's love to him? or the like. In the author's opinion, those persons who preserve respect founded on their benevolence to their dependents, live rather like princes than the heads of their families; their orders are received as favours rather than duties, and the distinction of approaching them, is part of the reward for what is executed by them. In short, lady *Worthy* was a woman of the most excellent disposition, she was religious without enthusiasm, grave without formality, frugal without covetousness, and generous without ostentation.

Such was the character of this amiable lady, into whose service and protection *Primrose* now entered. Her employment here was to wait on my Lady, or work with her

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needle. How well *Primrose* acted on her part, will be seen in a few pages.

C H A P. X.

Which sets off PRIMROSE to great Advantage.

IT was the custom of the parish in which *Primrose Prettyface* resided, that once in five years, the three maid servants who staid longest in their places, and brought the best character from the master or mistress they

H served,

served, should be presented by the churchwardens with curious purses containing ten, five, and two guineas each. But that my readers may have a better idea of this custom, I have subjoined the form, together with the particular characters of some of the claimants.

On the *Whitsun-Monday* at ten o'clock in the forenoon, when the church bell rang for prayers, the several claimants, dressed in their best bibs and tuckers, repaired to *Eaton-Hall*;



where, being marshalled by the churchwardens, they proceeded in form to the church,

church, and heard divine service and a sermon on the duty of servants. As soon as this was finished they all walked into the church-yard, and being formed into a circle, the church-wardens received their characters from the servants written by their masters and mistresses, and sealed up. Silence being three times commanded, the head church-warden proceeded to read the characters aloud. The first was that of

DOROTHY DOLITTLE.

MY maid *Dorothy Dolittle* having been ever and anon plaguing me to write a character for her; because she, like many others, has too good an opinion of herself, I was resolved to give her such a character as she deserves. You must know then, she has been with me these four years, during which period, every winter has been taken up in telling her to shut the door, and every summer in teaching her to leave it open. She takes more pains to dress her head, than to mend the holes in her stockings. To make up in some measure for these faults, she is very honest, and when I scold her, never mutters or answers again. I keep her, hoping that as she grows older, she will be less flatteringly and more attentive;

attentive; besides, I would rather keep the evil I do now, than exchange it perhaps for a worse.

SARAH DOWNRIGHT.

My readers may be sure this character was not very likely to gain a purse; however the reproof contained in it had such an effect on the girl, that she ever after behaved very well; and, as I have heard, has since at another trial gained the first purse.

The next character was that of the subject of our history, who though grown up, still went by the name of

PRIMROSE PRETTYFACE.

I AM happy in the opportunity of doing justice to the character of *Primrose Prettyface*; she has lived with me eight years, during which time I have never had occasion to repent taking her into my service. When I relate her qualifications, I believe I am setting her forth as a pattern for all other servants. She is religious, obedient, humble, faithful, quiet, careful, diligent, sober, modest, cheerful, keeps at home, speaks the truth, and so honest

honest, that I could trust her with untold gold.

MATILDA WORTHY.

SARAH MEANWELL.

THE bearer has lived in my house five years; she is a very honest good girl, rises early, performs her work with cheerfulness, and has but one failing; she runs too much after fortune-tellers.

THOMAS TRUEMAN.

I cannot help thinking with honest *Tom Trueman*, that this mischief of running after fortune-tellers is too much the case with many servants. I knew a gentleman who told me one evening while we were smoking our pipes together, that his butler had



been silly enough to be seduced by them, and though he was sure to lose a knife, a fork, or a spoon every time his fortune was told him, generally shuts himself up in the pantry for about half an hour with an old gypsy once in a twelvemonth. He added, that they generally straggled into his country once or twice in the year, and set the heads of the servant maids so for peeping into futurity, that there was no having any business done while the gypsies were in the country—Let us now proceed to the character of

J A N E

JANE WELLDONE.

THIS is to certify, that my servant, *Jane Welldone*, has lived with me two years, during which time she has conducted herself in every respect becoming her situation.

GEORGE LAWSON.

I shall not trouble my readers with any more of these characters, having selected those which appeared the best and most entertaining.

When the head church-warden had read all the characters, he retired with his brother church-warden, the minister, and four of the oldest parishioners into the vestry. After staying some little time they returned, and the church-warden distributed the purses as follow :

To *Primrose Prettyface* they presented ten guineas in a green silk purse, embroidered with flowers of gold. To *Jane Weldon* five guineas in a blue silk purse, embroidered with flowers of silver. To *Sarah Meanwell* two guineas in a scarlet silk purse. Then all the

the claimants were treated with cakes and ale, after which they returned home amidst the shouts and acclamations of the multitude, who were gathered together to see the ceremony.

Primrose Prettyface, we may be sure, neglected not to return her thanks to Lady *Worthy* for the character she had given her, who every day grew so much more pleased with her, that at last she became her companion.

CHAP. XI.

The winding up of the History.

IT is now high time the reader will say, that we fulfilled our promise made in the tenth chapter, which if the reader has forgotten, he will do well to turn over the leaves and refresh his memory. Well, now I suppose you have done as we directed, and found that we promised to say something more of Lady *Worthy*'s son, now Sir *William Worthy*.

This young gentleman returned from the University, where he had made that proficiency

siciency in his studies, and improved himself so much, that every one loved and admired him. At his first sight of *Primrose Prettyface*, who was now arrived to the age of womanhood, he was struck with her beauty, which added to her good temper and engaging behaviour, had such an effect on the young gentleman, as to occasion the most violent emotion. This was not unobserved by the old lady, who, notwithstanding her great riches and dignity, had not any dislike to her son's passion, and on



It so happened that one day *Primrose* was walking by herself in the garden, and being rather fatigued with the heat retired into the summer-house to avoid the sultry rays of the sun. It was not till she had almost seated herself that she saw Sir *William* sitting on a chair at the farther end, reading. On seeing him she offered to retire, but he would by no means permit it. *Primrose*, said he, I have long wanted to consult you on an affair that concerns my happiness. I have already asked her ladyship's opinion, and she thinks as I do. Yet I should like to know yours, which will determine me.

You must know, continued Sir *William*, I have seen a beautiful and discreet young woman, and every way but one qualified to be my wife, she has no fortune; but as I have more than a sufficiency myself, that will make no difference. Here *Primrose* turned pale (for we must acquaint the reader, she was no less struck with the young gentleman at their first interview than he was with her, and though her hopes were very faint, she now gave all up for lost.) However Sir *William* being very earnest did not

take

take notice of her confusion, and went on. I consulted her ladyship on the subject, and she encourages me to prosecute my addresses.

I have her picture in my pocket, which I will show you: and as I know you are well acquainted with her, if you approve of her for my wife, I have the greatest hopes of being successful in my addresses to her. He then pulled out a pocket-case, and opening, presented it to her for her inspection. But *Primrose's* confusion was great indeed, when instead of a picture, which she expected to see, she beheld her own face in a small looking-glass.

Now, said Sir *William*, do you approve of my choice? If you do, give me your hand as a mark of it, and I am happy? *Primrose* was unable to speak or move: which the young gentleman construing as a favourable indication, seized her hand, and kissed it with the utmost ardour. He then led her into the house to his mother, and told her what had happened: she got up and joined their hands, blessed them, and prayed for their happiness; and kissing her dear *Primrose*, cried for joy. Her parents were sent for, and Sir *William* settled a very handsome annuity on them. The wedding was kept

kept with the greatest rejoicings for many days.

Sir *William* and his beauteous bride now live an example to the great, the comfort of the poor, and the admiration of all.



THE END.

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